

Don't Go
In



The Barn
#3

STAR WARS

9

THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT?



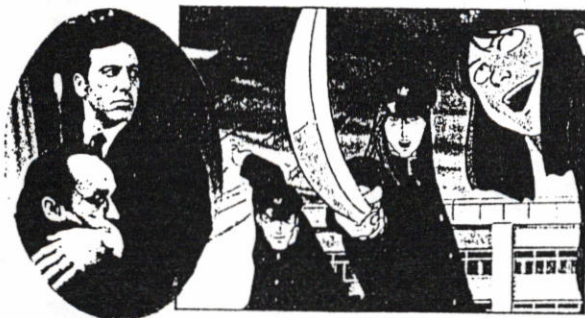
These are the true, decadent T-shirts for 1984. They are hand screen-printed on 100% pure cotton in limited editions by lonely ladies. The image covers the entire shirt. They fit snugly. To order indicate the shirt and size and send \$5.00 plus 50 cents postage and handling for each shirt. California residents please add 6% sales tax. Power of 108 T-shirts faces to \$1.00 in P.M.E. with order.

LOVELY LADIES T-SHIRTS
Box 1000, San Francisco, California 94101

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
888 4 75
S() M() L()

EVERYTHING sucks?

PURE EYE CANDY



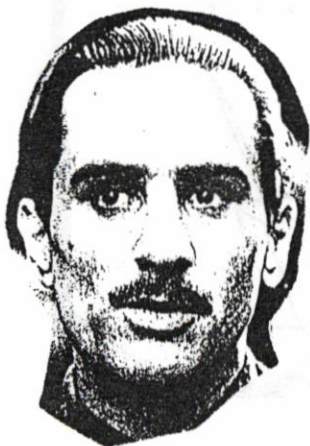
The End

Write me,
Fribby
and try my
zine:
Don't Go
In
The Barn
163 Station St.
Duncan B.C.
V9L 1M8

Write me!
Send me
stuff!



Hot damn! Another issue. I have had lots of positive comments about this issue from the test audiences so I hope you like it too. This issue seems meatier somehow. Maybe it's all the text. What you may have noticed if you've already leafed through this issue is that there aren't many contributions. Okay, there are only two contributions: one small cartoon by Nash Franklin on page two and a piece by Kai on page eleven. Thanks for helping out Nash. Thanks Kail Don't be mad! Kai didn't actually submit anything but she did say she was interested in contributing so I picked El Jamon out of a letter she sent me. The accompanying picture is authentic. I don't know what happened with other contributions. Everybody was all excited and telling me their ideas but nobody actually gave me anything. Oh well, probably for the best anyway. My cup runneth over in this issue. But don't get me wrong, I love contributions. I live for mail! Please send me stuff. Another thing about this issue is that there is no Bitch and Moan Section. That egg article gets pretty preachy and I didn't want the whole zine to sound self-righteous so it will have to wait for #4. Back to the thanks. Thanks to Jim for sending me my review out of !★@#. Thanks to Area 51 and Eclectic Avenue for not only selling my zines for me but just for being so cool. Thanks to Pat C. for taking me places and for laughing at everything I showed him. Thanks to my friends, parents, parent's fancy computer, etc. Thanks to Ariel Office Systems (192 Kenneth St.) for being so great and helpful (get your photocopying done there). Thanks to the Pioneer House Restaurant (Whippletree Junction). It is the best restaurant in the valley. Try it. You'll see. That place is spectacular. No thanks to the Island Hemp Company who agreed to sell my zines on consignment but have since closed and won't give my stuff back. There is a lesson to be learned here: don't trust burned out druggies. There are a couple of ads for zines on the next page. They are really good and I would recommend them. Hmmm...anything else? Oh yeah, Angus, it has nothing to do with lower standards, just completely different tastes. I can't believe you had the cojones to say that to my face. Alright everybody, read on, enjoy!



PS: I am looking to buy some old Nintendo games. If anybody has: Tiger Heli, Bubble Bobble, or Konami's version of Tetris and would like to sell them to me, write me at: Fribby 163 Station St. Duncan B.C. V9L 1M8. Thanks a bunch!

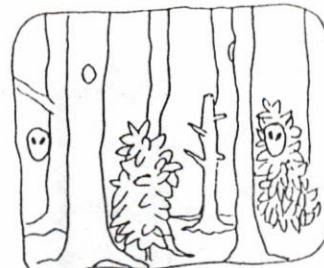
An Alien Encounter by Fribby★



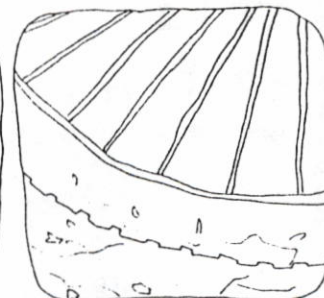
I bike home a lot at night.



One night I saw an alien show before I left and I got really paranoid.



Every snap of a twig I believed to be an alien. But I kept going.



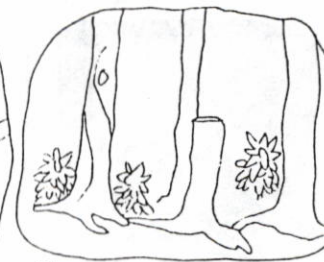
Then I realized that someone was following me. Another biker.



The biker caught up. She came into the light as she passed. She wasn't an alien. Just another late-night biker.



I stopped my bike to laugh at myself. The other rider stopped too and looked back at me.



She asked why I was laughing. I told her it was because I had thought she was an alien. She laughed.



Then she took off the mask.



And that was it for me.

Mehr



-Es ist kalt.
-Freilich.



-Ich habe genug Geld.
-Es macht nichts.



-Ich liebe Sie!
-Sie ist gesund.



-Es schneit.
-Was bedeutet das?



-Ich weiss nicht.



-Was machen Sie?
-Es ist mir kalt.



-Sie haben unrecht!



- Sie haben unrecht...

I'm not printing a translation because it's a dumb comic made up of phrases I got from a list of everyday German expressions in "Here's what I think, Fucko" #1. Trust me, it's way better when you don't know what they're saying.



WILLIAM SHATNER/FIGHTING STAR No. 703



My parents
said to me:
"you can
be anything
you want to
be so long it's
stupid or dead"

Surfin'

I recently had occasion to "surf the net". Here are some of the fascinating facts I uncovered using the world's premier source of information. 1. You know the British TV show "Red Dwarf"? O.K., you know Jadzia Dax on Star Trek: Deep Space Nine? Well, when American TV people were trying to make an American version of Red Dwarf, they screwed around with the characters and filmed a pilot where the actress who plays Jadzia Dax played Cat! Fascinating! 2. Jill Hennessey, who plays Claire Kincaid on Law & Order, was born and raised in Canada! It's true! 3. Wendy Mesley, host of CBC's Undercurrents, was once married to Peter Mansbridge! Ouch!



Obliviositer

MY NEW ADDRESS:
as of May 1, 1996
1326-15th St. e.
Saskatoon, Sk.
S7N 0R9
Don't send anything there before
May 1st or it will probably get lost

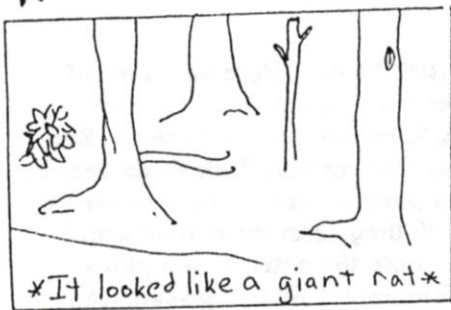
YOU RIDE A HORSE
rATHER teSS WELL



THAn ANoThER hORSE WouLD

P.O. BOX 44090
6518 E. HASTINGS ST.
BURNABY, B.C. V5B 4Y2
CANADA

by Fribby



Zine was featured on Muchmusic's Wedge one day. That caught your eye didn't it? So I had a lot of fun. There was a cat living at the gallery and it was really cute. Then we came home. Is it just me or does the ice water on the ferry taste like salt water? Real funny, government workers. Thanks to Robin's mom for the ride home. Thanks to my dad for the ride to the ferry. Thanks to Jessica and Ryan for letting us sleep over.

The Strep

Well readers. I have Strep throat.



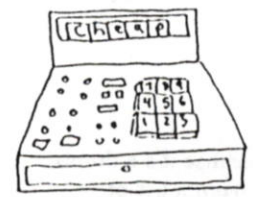
That's why I drew myself with a big swollen neck. 'Cause it feels so huge



Do you want to know how I got Strep throat? Through my own stupidity, of course.



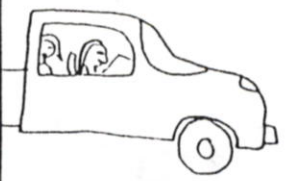
My friend invited me to go to value village with her in Nanaimo.



Her little sister was going to come. My friend assured me that her sister's strep throat was cured.



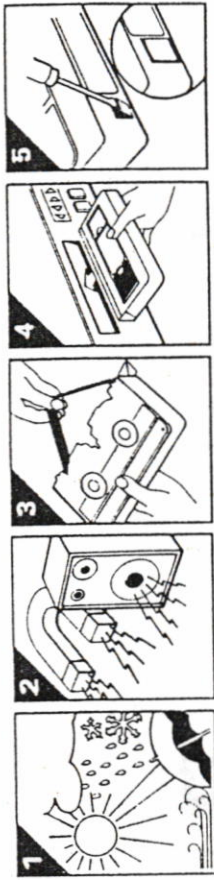
But it wasn't cured enough for me not to get it. 45 minutes in a small truck cab did the job.



Does this comic have a moral? Yes, it does. Never believe or put trust in your friends. Never. Never ever. The end.

I went to Van... for a zine show.

Boy did I have fun at the beginning of March! Aerowen (Here's What I think, Fucko) Kline and I hooked up with those crazy comic creators from Chemanius, Robin Bougie and Rebecca Dart, and went to Vancouver for a zine show. After arriving at Granville St. we walked to the @ Gallery(110 West Hastings) where the show was to be held and we got Robin and Rebecca settled (they were going to spend the night there). Then we split up to go for dinner. The two R's headed out to find cheap pizza and Aeron and I went to Wazubees. It's within walking distance of the place we were going to be sleeping, ok? We ate yummy foods, got settled at our friends' house and went back downtown to meet Robin and Rebecca to watch Rumble in the Bronx. Before at our friends' house we met a guy who said he had a speaking part in the movie. He told us his line and when we watched the movie we looked for him. He was the guy who when Jackie and Nancy go to see her old boyfriend he is in the truck outside the clubhouse and he says something like, "Hey Nancy, is that your new guy?" We were really excited when we saw him. Wow, was that a movie! The action was incredible. It costs \$8.50 to go to a movie there but it was worth it. Can somebody explain to me why at the end the cops let Jackie and everybody, including that lady from the store, run over that guy in the Hovercraft? But anyway a fine movie. So we went back to our respective sleeping places. At our friends' house there was a party happening and much breakdancing occurred. I hid in the bedroom and tried to sleep but it was hard. I did get a couple of hours though. The next day we headed to the gallery for the show. It was in kind of a scary neighborhood but the show was fun. Lots o' people. Some very talented comic artists were there. Colin Upton, Ian Boothby, Susan Ferguson and more. Most of these great people were eager to trade so I got lots of stuff. One of my favourites was the "Single Guy Zine" by Ryan Bigge (11623 90th Ave Delta, B.C. V4C 3H5). It's a zine about how wonderful being single is (P.S. I am lying). Another favourite was and is "You Ride A Horse Rather Less Well Than Another Horse Would" done by two Tarantino obsessed funny guys named Blair and Sean (P.O. Box 44090 6518 E.Hastings St. Burnaby, B.C. V5B 4Y2). A third favourite for you five pin bowling addicts is "Poodle" (P.O. Box 743 #141-6200 McKay Ave. Burnaby, B.C.) I think the Single Guy Zine costs \$1.00 and You Ride A Horse...costs \$2.00. I think. Who can tell? My prices seem to change every issue, I think that theirs do too but they seem nice. If you send them money I'm sure they will send you something. Poodle costs \$1.00 for two back issues, \$5.00 for a season's subscription or send them your zine or other goodies for free copies. The Single Guy



1. This is a warning about the danger from the skies. The Newcomers have methods of influence which we must protect ourselves against.
2. The Newcomers use magnetic fields to alter our brain waves. Protect your head by wearing an aluminium hat can be fashioned out of aluminium foil. Not only will you be at the height of fashion, you will be safe!
3. The Newcomers have found ways to alter average VHS tapes to display subversive messages.
4. The only way to stop yourself from being coerced is to not play VHS videotapes. You are at no risk if you own a Beta video-player.

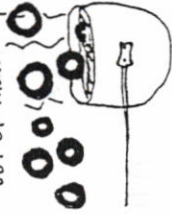
Thank you. This is a message brought to you by the League Against Newcomer Rule.

5. Last but not least, if you own a minidisc player, throw it away immediately! The Newcomers have created a special computer chip that can be added to minidisc players without the consumers' knowledge. If you own such a player and you do not dispose of it, death or brainwashing is imminent.



News

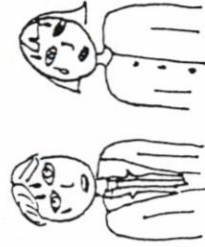
11 p.m.
I just saw something funny on the news. It seems that down in Washington state they tried to recycle used tires by making roads out of them.

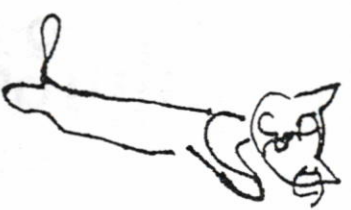
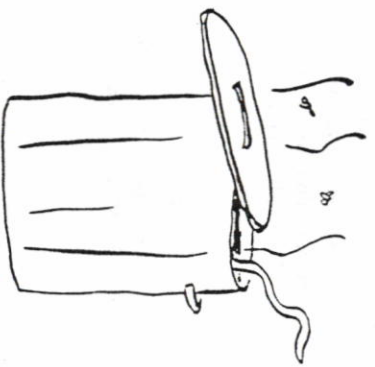
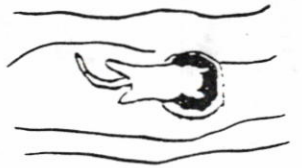
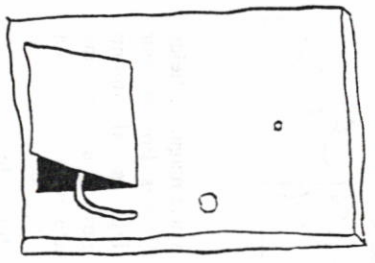


But it didn't work as well as they had figured. The two roads they constructed using the tires are on fire and oozing some sort of crud-bif into the water system.



I could see the news-casters trying to hold the laughter in. I really couldn't blame them.





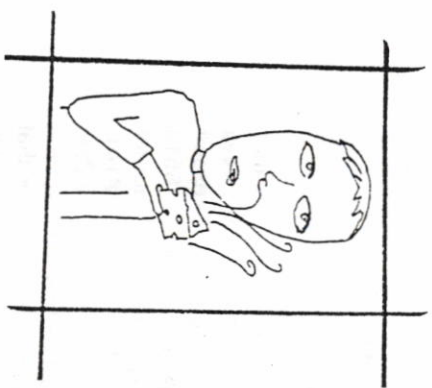
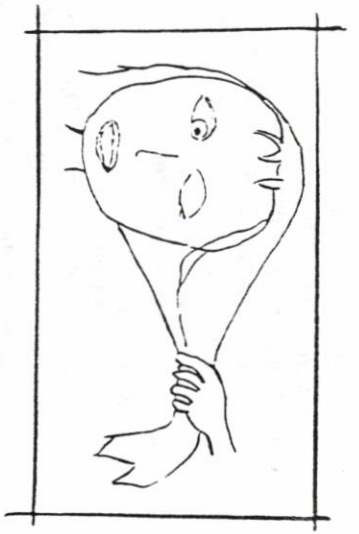
My cat is fat.

So fat his belly bulges out.

But I love him anyway.

5

People doing what they like.
by ribby



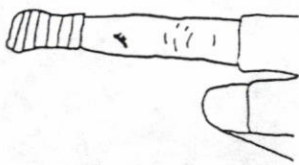
22



I like to sleep, o.k.?
Well any way one
night I was like this
when I felt something
move on my leg.



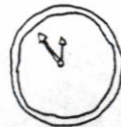
I flicked it off and
went back to sleep.



But it wasn't. When
I looked at my leg
there was a giant
ant on it.



I got rid of it and
went back to sleep. But
they kept coming. I finally
gave up on sleep and
wrapped myself in a blanket
to wait for dawn.



I waited for a long
time but no ants
came.



Then I realized that
it must have been
the same ant coming
back again and again
to plague me.



You know how sometimes
your skin just crawls for
no reason? I thought it
was just that.



But in less than
ten minutes, another
ant was crawling on
me. This time on my
face.



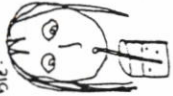
I hadn't waited long
before another ant came
along. This time I was
ready. I smushed the
ant with the remote.



If I'd just squashed
it the first time I
would have been fine.
Never again do I
give an ant a second
chance.



I tried drinking with it
but it made funny noises
and the suction was
terrible.



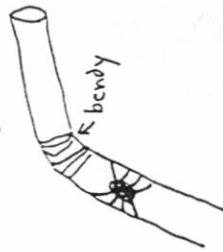
I puked up everything I
had ever eaten.



One day I got a straw
from the bag on the
wall.



I wondered why the straw
didn't work. Then it hit me.
A spider must have crawled
in the straw while it was
in the bag on the wall.

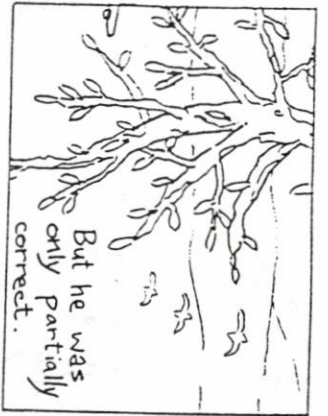


In retrospect, I realize
that the straw probably
didn't work because it
had a hole in it. However, I
still rinse straws out and
give them a thorough check
up before I use them.

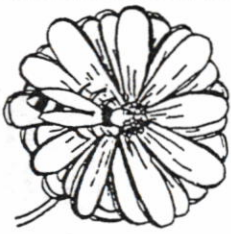




I can thought that he had an uneventful day ahead of him.



But he was only partially correct.



Only the next thirty seconds were to be uneventful.



Then something would happen that would change not only his life, but the history of the universe as well.

What happens next? I'd sure like to know. Please write in with suggestions and ideas, or if you're in Dunbar, drop me a line through Area 51 (they'll forward any mail addressed to Friddy to me). I'll use the best suggestion to finish this comic off and the winner will get a prize* C'mon, nothing is too insane, look at what I've given you to work with!

* Value not exceeding five dollars but still a real prize.



The Godfather, Part 3

Pig in The Bed

Hot on the water in the pig. It was put in the bed. To keep your toes warm. People put hot water in the pig. The pig went in the blankets. In the morning it was a cold pig in bed. I think the pig cost 11 ¢. To day we need a new heating pad.

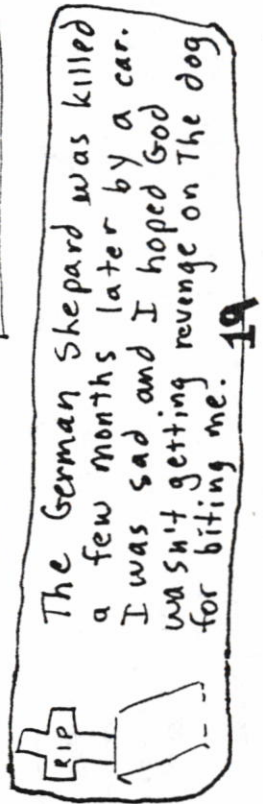
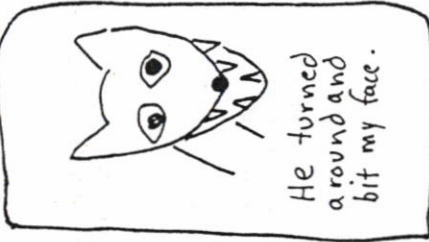
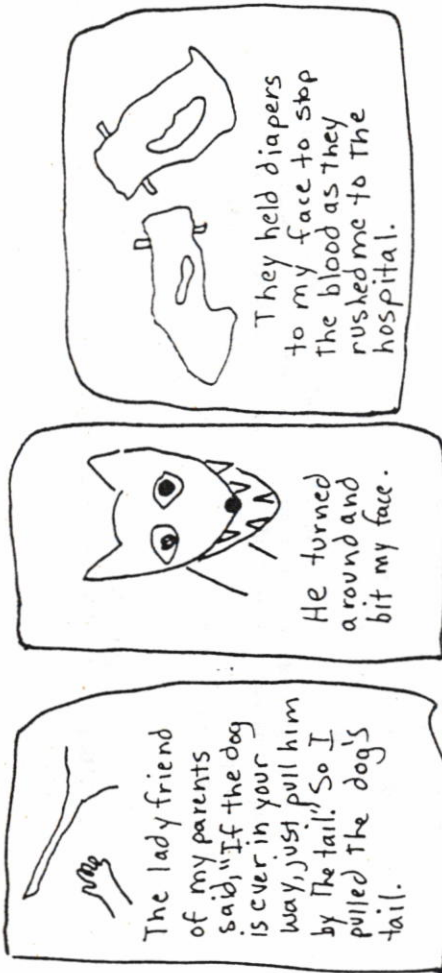
There is a story behind this paragraph. Trust me. I take a Math class at the local community college. Nobody takes our class seriously so we are shuffled from classroom to classroom. One of our classrooms is also the special education room. One day in that class there were a whole bunch of stories about the olden days. Pig in the Bed was one of them. I don't know who wrote it, I do know that it was accompanied by a picture of a pig standing in bed with steam coming out of a hole in the pig's back. I wish that I could give the author credit. He sent me on quite a search. I must have asked fifty people if there was such a thing as a hot water bottle called a pig. My dad says that there is and that it is made out of stone. So there you go.

Here are some more lines that I have heard. I think they will make you popular if you use them.:

"There's not a little gnome in your calculator measuring off right angle triangles" - Bob Darling, Instructor, Malaspina College.

"I'm not part of the metric police" - Bob Darling, Instructor, Malaspina College.

8



19

Review of gigs, shows and other phenomena.

I know, I know, I said that I would never go to another Duncan gig because all they are are excuses for people to get drunk and cause trouble. But this one was different. It was in the Social Lounge to start and also my friend Pat's band was playing for the first time in public.

Pat's band is called Ace Decade and they were first to play. They sort of remind me of some eighties British music that I have heard and liked. Tom (the guitarist) and Pat (who plays bass) have been practicing for about seven years now. Quinn (on drums) joined them about five months ago. I liked their set a lot. THUMBS UP.

The second band to play was The Other Guys. They have a new and improved singer, Jeff Bruce. It was kind of ironic to hear Jeff shout out, "eff* the government" because his uncle, Graham Bruce, was our local MLA for awhile. Their set was too long for those of us that weren't into that burly-ass agro music (i.e. Slayer covers) but they did play their instruments well and Jeff Bruce is a nice guy so good for them. THUMBS TAPPING MY WATCH.

The third band was Slayer. I was pleasantly surprised as I had never heard Slayer play live before. They sounded quite different from what I had expected. No, Slayer wasn't really there, it was Say Uncle with the sarcasm knob turned up to maximum. These cheeky lads hail from Lake Cowichan for the most part and they are really good and I would suggest going to see them soon. They have a tape out and they were selling them at Area 51 but I believe that they are now sold out. THUMBS UP MY NOSE.

The second to last band was Daddy's Hands. With Dave from M-Blanket and Emily from Floragore they were sure to be good and they were. I hear that they're even better with the sax player who unfortunately wasn't there when I saw them. They also have a tape out and you can get one at Area 51. THUMBS SCRATCHING MY HEAD.

The last band was Karate Chimp. It was a jam session with Angus on the mike and various other peoples playing strange and unusual instruments. It was the kind of music that if you heard it taped you'd probably puke, but live with all that energy it didn't sound half bad. However, THUMBS IN MY EARS.

It was kind of crazy that night when some guy started dismantling the drums in the middle of Say Uncle's set but when he left, taking the drums, all the stupid rednecks went with him so it was worth it.

*all ages! No cursing!

DG1TB(muttered under breath as I walked away): Maybe I will, but they'll be free-range, you old bastard.

B: I heard that.

Well, I guess that answers the question. The cold hard truth is that most of the eggs people buy come from "egg factories" that practice inhumane treatment of chickens to get a product: eggs. So it's no wonder that they don't show chickens on those commercials. What would people say if they saw how their eggs were really produced?

Free-range eggs are so much better. Why you ask? Because you can check with the farmers or distributors and find out exactly what the chickens are fed so it's a healthier choice than store-bought eggs. You don't have to feel guilty eating free-range because you know you're not supporting animal abuse. Lots of people claim that free-range eggs taste better! So please folks, buy free-range!

In downtown Duncan both Mercia's and Soup to Nuts sell free-range eggs. I also see that some large chain grocery stores sell eggs labeled free-range. I would still go with the local stores, they seem more trustworthy, but if that's not possible, buy the grocery store's free-range. It sends a message to the egg farmers. Most towns also have local farms that sell free-range eggs direct. Check around, ask people, look in feed stores and local papers. A great place to get true free-range eggs in or around the Duncan area is at: Penfold Farms 1444 Maple Bay Road. Their chickens get to wander all over the place and cause much confusion so buy their eggs! Thank you and goodnight.



oo

Boy Pite

by Fairy

When I was little my family went back east to visit friends and family.

We went to the farm of some of my parents' friends.

They had two dogs. A basset hound and a German Shepherd.

One day I was playing on the porch, near the German Shepherd. I heard the grown-ups talking inside.

Create-your-own story

A long time ago in a(n) 1 far away, 2 was 3 when he realized that he could be 4. So he 5 over to his 6 7 and told him the plan. The plan was of course to build his own 8. But to build it, he would need a 9. To get this he would have to 10. Since he was only 11, this would be impossible anyway so 2 just went 12.

The end.



Eggs

Have you seen those new pro-egg commercials which feature happy egg farmers saying how perfect eggs are? Have you noticed anything strange about them? How about the fact that they have never shown or mentioned chickens in even one of those commercials? As usual, Don't Go In The Barn is on top of the story, folks, and today we're going to interview an average egg farmer and ask him the question everybody is dying to ask, "Do egg farmers know what chickens are?"

DGITB: Hello, Farmer Brown. Thanks for agreeing to speak to us.

B: Hey, no problem. You know what? Eggs are nature's perfect food.

DGITB: ...ok...umm...Farmer Brown, do you even know where eggs come from?

B: I could eat a couple of eggs for breakfast, then a couple more for lunch, as far as I'm concerned.

DGITB: That's great. Say, do you know what a "chicken" is?

B: I'm an egg farmer, not a communist! Don't speak your Russian to me. Chick-en indeed!

DGITB: No, Farmer Brown, eggs come from chickens. Chickens are birds. You must own a lot of chickens to produce as many eggs as you do. Look, that barn behind you is probably stuffed full of chickens trapped in tiny steel cages, suffering so that you can have your eggs for breakfast and lunch!

B: What barn? I don't see any barn.

DGITB: Farmer Brown! This is getting ridiculous! Do you seriously expect me to believe that you don't know what a chicken is? You must be covering up for your cruel treatment of these fine birds.

B: Enough crazy talk, girlie. I think you need to get a couple more eggs into your diet. Then you'll feel better. Have a couple for breakfast and a couple more for lunch.

Review of gigs, shows and other phenomena, con't.

Mae Moore- Native Heritage Centre (Duncan)

At first I wasn't too excited about going to this show because the only song I had ever heard by Mae Moore was that bohemian song and that was totally overplayed at the time of its popularity. But I got a free ticket and went and then I found out that she had opened up for Morrissey last time he was out this way so then I was excited.

The opening act was a woman from Vancouver named Kinney Star. She had an electric guitar and she sang some songs by herself on stage. My favorite was yellow like gold. She also did a couple of spoken word pieces that weren't bad (they usually drive me batty). The audience was made up of middle aged arty-types and they were quite rude to her. The show started quite late so I guess they were annoyed. When Kinney asked if anybody had any questions one lady yelled, "No!" as if to say, "get off the stage!". Well I liked her anyhow.

Mae Moore played guitar with a guy who played double bass. He plucked away and she sang and it was great. She sounded so good live that even that bohemian song sounded good. She was funny and sweet so I was impressed.

So I had a good night. I was supposed to meet some friends later at Jessica's but when I went there Tubs, the dog, wouldn't let me go near the door so I just went home.

Frank Black-Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)

I was really excited when I heard about this show because I love Frank Black's solo stuff. The Pixies were tops and the Breeders are alright but Frank Black on his own is A-1 with me.

The opening act was Jimmy Polanski. I wasn't paying much attention to them because Pat and I were looking to scam some seats. I saw Ryan Bigge(see page 23) there and he sort of knew who I was so I was happy.

Then came Frank Black. He was incredible. I usually make fun of people who bop to music but I was doing some major bopping myself. He played lots of songs from his first two albums, as well as a selection from his new album. He also kept thanking us for coming, which I thought was very nice. The more I drank the more fun I had so I never wanted the evening to end. But it was over all too quickly. On my way out I saw a poster for the Reverend Horton Heat so who knows? Maybe I'll be back soon! Thanks to Jessica, Ryan, Holly and Simon for letting us sleep over. Thanks to my parents for rescuing Pat and I from Nanaimo.

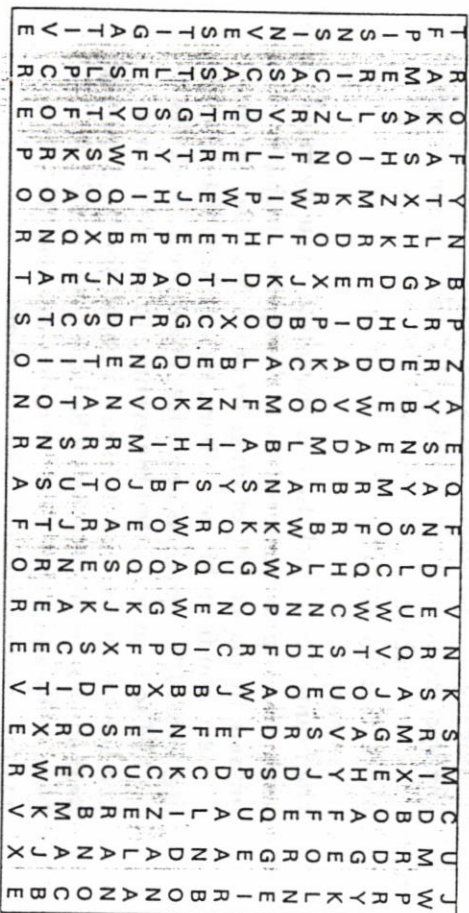
El Jamon



Now I told you there is not one house in Spain that doesn't have a big leg sitting in the kitchen & every Sunday Pepe (my host dad) gets out the big knife & they eat jamon with sauc pa' tomaguet. I tell you it was a vegetarian's worst nightmare.

Eibby's Word Search

Here is a word search. Try to find my favourite television shows.
Hint: none of these shows will be found on TSN. Good luck!



Create-your-own story

This zine is too exclusive. It hasn't encouraged much reader interaction so far. This create-your-own story should fix that. Just follow the instructions by each number, then match your choice for each number to the appropriate space in the story on the next page. NO! NO! Don't look at the story until you've made your choices. It's better that way. Here goes.

1. Choose one:

- A. suburb
- B. galaxy
- C. city controlled by the mob
- D. happening college town.
- E. over priced ski resort in summer

2. Pick a masculine name:

- A. waxing his chest hair.
- B. crying in the closet
- C. eating crayons
- D. playing air guitar to the pixies

3. Choose one:

- A. waxing his chest hair.
- B. crying in the closet
- C. eating crayons
- D. playing air guitar to the pixies

4. Pick a verb ending in "ing".

5. Choose one:

- A. puked
- B. swaggered
- C. torqued
- D. raged
- E. prostituted

6. Choose one:

- A. dog groomer's
- B. lover's
- C. semi-related neighbor's
- D. local restaurant's
- E. buddy, Mr. Bean's

7. Choose one:

- A. palace
- B. attic cell
- C. recording studio
- D. fully functioning x-wing fighter
- E. grave

8. Choose one:

- A. private pond stocked with trout
- B. skatepark
- C. love ewe
- D. big robot
- E. underground garage

9. Choose one:

- A. pair of toucans
- B. ripe banana
- C. spice rack
- D. fluffy pillow
- E. picture of Michael Jordan

10. Choose one:

- A. work a part-time job delivering pizza
- B. sell drugs
- C. eat a million flapjacks
- D. raise a two-headed goat

11. Choose one:

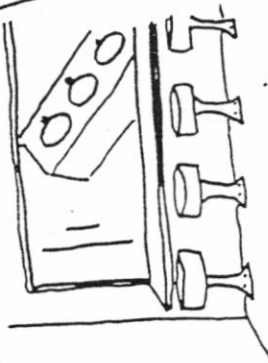
- A. as smart as a popsicle
- B. allowed to drink water
- C. eleven years old
- D. a suspect in the Green river slayings

12. Choose one:

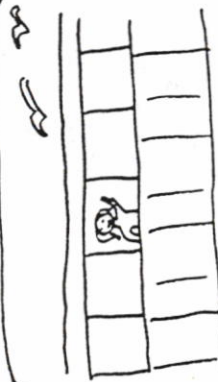
- A. to call Dr. Kevorkian
- B. to eat flavored rice cakes instead
- C. to compose a sonnet describing the day's events
- D. to fashion a sort of raft out of everyday wooden spoons and float off into the sunset
- E. to download obviously doctored dirty pictures of PJ Harvey off the internet



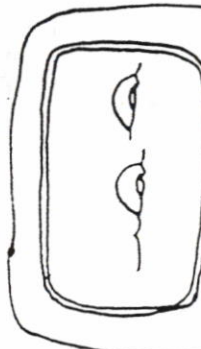
If you feel rebellious
you can go outside
and smoke with the
bad kids.



For women there is a
place in the bathroom
with stools and a
mirror for applying
makeup.



When you walk on you
get to go in special waiting
areas up in the air.



Sometimes we see
dolphins jumping
in the water.



The news stand has
all the latest magazines.

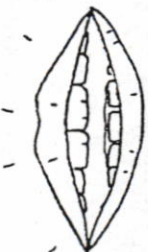
All this and
more, B.C. ferries!



Bugs
are
gross
by
Frilly



When I was
younger, I went
through a lot
of retainers.



It was well worth
it though. Now my
teeth look like a
million bucks.



But having a mouthful of
metal at the time was
not a lot of fun.



Having a metal
device in one's
mouth can cause
many difficulties,
as I found one
day when I was
playing outside.



A leatherback * flew
right into my mouth
and got caught in
the retainer.
* looks like a giant
mosquito.

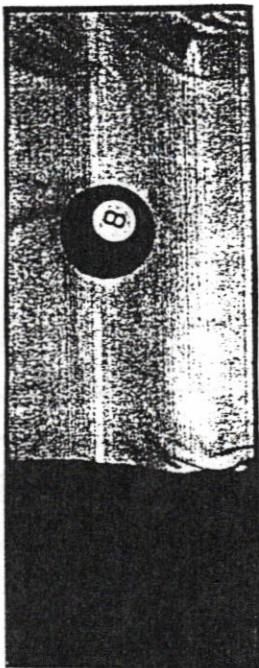


Luckily it was a
removable retainer.
I took it out and
rinsed the bug off
and brushed it in
vinegar.



But ever since I've
been deathly afraid
of bugs. Leatherbacks
in particular but any
bug will do.

The end.



Let's ask Magic Eightball!

Kids. Magic Eightball cares for you. Ask a yes or no question and ye shall receive an answer to your problem.

Dear Magic Eightball: I'm bored with my job as a highly paid executive. Should I quit my job and busk with my bongos? - Stifled in Victoria

Dear Stifled: Without A Doubt.

Dear Magic Eightball: I have recently completed the work of my life. a screenplay based on the ancient Goddess Athena. My agent says Sofia Coppola wants the title role. Should I quickly flee the country? - In Hiding in Nanaimo

Dear In Hiding: My Sources Say Yes.

Dear Magic Eightball: I think the band Gene sounds like the Smiths. Do you? - Puzzled in Sooke

Dear Puzzled in Sooke: Yes.

Dear Magic Eightball: While I was on a lengthy business trip, my girlfriend turned my expensive condo into a drug lab. I was arrested as soon as I got back even though I didn't know what she was up to. She escaped to Peru into the arms of a drug lord. I spent seven months in prison and I am now on parole. She is back in town and she says she is clean. Should I take her back? - Cautious in Chemanius

Dear Cautious: Very Doubtful.

Dear Magic Eightball: A couple of months ago I soaped my boss's car windows. He was really mad but he didn't know who had done it. Last week I got drunk with a fellow employee and told her that I had done it. Now my boss looks at me funny. Did she tell him? - Running Scared in Cowichan Bay

Dear Running Scared: Outlook Not So Good.

Why I of the Ferry by Fribby

